Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen.

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did he, or I would I might neue come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeaue groates in mill-ſixper ce. and two *Edward* Shouelboords that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yea Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſte mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word o deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, hee in the red face had it: fo though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo conclusions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile bee drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Ma.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*!

Maſter Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Maſter